

# LIFE

PRICE, 10 CENTS  
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LIFE PUBLISHING CO.

PROPERTY OF  
THE MIDDLETOWN CLUB.  
NOT TO BE MUTILATED,  
OR TAKEN FROM THE BUILDING.



ARTIFICIAL BAIT

# Franklin 1910 Automobiles

Franklin automobiles with their present tire equipment will average 2500 miles without a puncture.

Large tires on a light-weight automobile do not puncture easily and blow outs are almost unheard of. Our tire equipment is so generous that it is not necessary to carry extra tires on any 1910 Franklin.

On Model H the rear tires are 37 x 5 inches, front 36 x 4 1-2 inches; on Model D, rear 36 x 4 1-2 inches, front 36 x 4 inches; on Model G, rear 32 x 4 inches, front 32 x 3 1-2 inches.

The Franklin air-cooling system for 1910 has been proved to cool so perfectly and positively that no one but a trade rival would dispute its success. It also dispenses with the fan and other complications necessary in water-cooling systems.

Surrounding each cylinder close to the vertical cooling flanges is a sheet metal casing open at the top and bottom, with a diaphragm connecting the casings and forming with the engine boot an airtight compartment. At the rear of this compartment is a powerful suction fly-wheel of new type. This fly-wheel draws the air down through the casings equally around the entire circumference of each cylinder.

The Franklin power plant is more economical, more efficient and more powerful than water-cooled power plants of the same weight.

The Bosch magneto high tension single ignition system used on our 1909 automobiles is continued on our 1910 models. In addition we have dispensed with the spark advance lever on all models. The time of the spark is not left to the judgment of the operator. Much better results are obtained at all speeds than by any other system. This was demonstrated on our 1909 Model G.

Cranking the motor on our magneto system is easier and safer than starting on batteries. The reason for the "double" ignition system commonly

used is to provide batteries for starting, it not being practical to crank the ordinary motor on the ordinary magneto system. Anyone can see that one perfect ignition system is better and less complicated than two systems both of which lack some essential quality and which must be used together to get results.

A light-weight automobile with proper spring suspension gives the limit of riding comfort and touring ability. All Franklins have four full-elliptic springs and a laminated-wood chassis frame. Road shocks and vibration are absorbed—not transmitted as is the case with the steel frame and semi-elliptic springs commonly used.

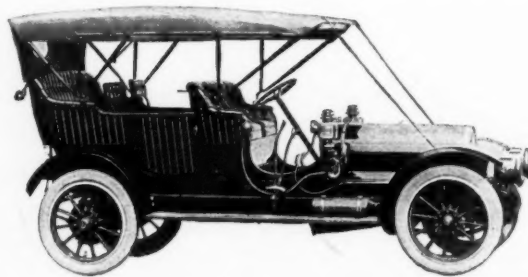
The Franklin is the easiest riding of all automobiles. It will also go the farthest in a day and is the fastest over American roads.

All efforts to break our transcontinental record which we have held for five years have resulted in failure. As recently as last June five different makes of automobiles tried for the Franklin record, but the best actual running time made was four days longer than our record. And in spite of the many attempts to lower it, our Chicago-New York record of 40 hours made in August, 1907, still stands.

The first 1910 Franklin to be entered in a public contest established a new world's record for economy. This was on July 7 in Buffalo, N. Y., one-gallon mileage contest. There were 20 contestants. The Franklin, an easy winner, out-did its nearest competitor by 50 per cent and also beat the former world's record, made by a 1909 Franklin in New York on May 7, by 40 per cent.

Franklin closed cars are now being delivered. These models are not only luxurious in their equipment, but they have the Franklin easy-riding quality so essential to this type of automobile.

Write for 1910 catalogue of all models.



Franklin Model H, 42 horse-power six-cylinder chassis, is made with seven-passenger touring body, surrey body and limousine body.

Franklin Model D, 28 horse-power four-cylinder chassis, is made with five-passenger touring body, close coupled body, surrey body, limousine body and landaulet body.

Franklin Model G, 18 horse-power four-cylinder chassis, is made with touring body, surrey body, single-rumble-seat body and runabout body with hamper.

Franklin Model K, 18 horse-power four-cylinder chassis, is made with limousine body, town car body and taxicab body.

H H FRANKLIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY Syracuse N Y



**Marry!**

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

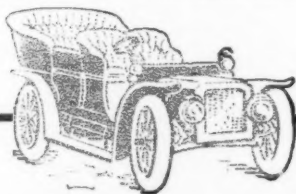
In these days of cold, hard "Horse Sense," when everything that is good is taken for granted and no word of praise is offered, how often one criticises the ideas one does not like. To this end the writer desires to express gratitude and admiration for the expressive design of "Arms and the Man," by Mr. Coles Phillips. To me the drawing conveys the idea how a good help-mate can uphold and encourage a man for better efforts. Indeed, I know just such a wife who upholds when depressed, comforts in sorrow, and when some effort is almost a failure boosts the husband for greater attack and turn the work to success. This man always takes his wife with him when on an important business venture. With her encouragement and suggestions wins the victory. Cannot help expressing to you my appreciation of "Arms and the Man."

Milton S. Wood.

**A Protest Against Chains**

BY OUIDA

"A large number of persons chain up their dogs from one month's end to another, with a wicked heartlessness more truly culpable than many faults legally penal. If there were in England any legislation with regard to dogs, founded on any sound knowledge of their wants, or even on any kind of common sense, it would be absolutely forbidden to tie up dogs for more than a few hours at a time. To chain up week after week the most vivacious, sociable and active of animals is a brutality so great that it is marvelous it has ever been permitted. The torture to young dogs is something too hideous to think of without a shudder. It is like chaining a child in its most sportive years, for in the natural playfulness, and want of almost incessant movement characteristic of the dog, there is an almost exact resemblance to the needs of childhood. Why keep a dog at all if you cannot keep him properly? A chained dog is, against thieves, absolutely useless; his barking and howling are so incessant that his owner never attends to it by night or day, whilst he is, of course, easily



**Lubrication Costs Less Than Repairs**

Most of the bills for automobile repairs are really the costs of faulty lubrication in disguise. The grade of Vacuum MOBILOIL specially prepared for your particular car will give perfect lubrication and save time, trouble and money.

**VACUUM MOBILOIL**

is made in six different grades. One of these is the right grade for you. The requirements of your car have been exactly determined, and this grade of MOBILOIL prepared for it with scientific precision.

Send for booklet listing every automobile make and the grade of MOBILOIL prepared for it. Thereafter you need only watch the label on the can; the car will take care of itself. The book is free; its facts on the science of lubrication are invaluable. Gives track records to date, and other potent motor pointers.

MOBILOIL, in barrels and in cans with patent pouring spout, is sold by dealers everywhere. Manufactured by VACUUM OIL CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y.



**MORGAN & WRIGHT TIRES ARE GOOD TIRES**

Why should you put up with less service when such service as this is customary with users of

**MORGAN & WRIGHT TIRES?**

*Peerless*

*Cadillac*

*Automobile Sales Corporation*

*44 & 44 1/2 North Broad Street*

*Philadelphia June 1st 1909*

Morgan & Wright,  
Detroit, Mich.

Gentlemen:—

We are pleased to inform you that the set of tires just taken from the demonstrator which we received last November has run nearly 11,000 miles, and but two of the casings have undergone repairs during this mileage. The repairs were of a sectional nature caused by stone bruises.

The other Cadillac demonstrator upon which we have just put new tires ran 7852 miles, and would perhaps run over a thousand miles more, but their appearance is no longer good enough for a demonstrating car. This is an average of about 10,000 miles on the two cars.

These tire showings have made it possible for us to get all our customers to specify your tires, which will number over 200 Cadillac cars this season.

Yours very truly,

AUTOMOBILE SALES CORPORATION

PER.

*W. Wright*

We have selected this letter from among the many reports of similar service we receive because of this significant fact: A demonstrating car, by reason of the various "stunts" it must perform in exhibiting its selling points, gives its tires much harder usage than they would receive in ordinary service.

You, as a motorist, may therefore reasonably accept the average service these eight tires gave on Cadillac demonstrating cars as a fair sample of the service Morgan & Wright Tires would give on your car.

**Morgan & Wright, Detroit**

poisoned by anyone whose interest it may be to do so. As a guard a chained dog is, I repeat, absolutely useless; whilst he is of all living creatures the most miserable."

**Uncle Remus and His Rival**

"Joel Chandler Harris," said an Atlantan, "used to write comic newspaper editorials. Sometimes he made fun of rival editors in them, too."

"Simon Simpson, a rival editor in Mobile, having been made fun of, wrote angrily in his rag:

"Joel Harris has been getting off some cheap wit at our expense."

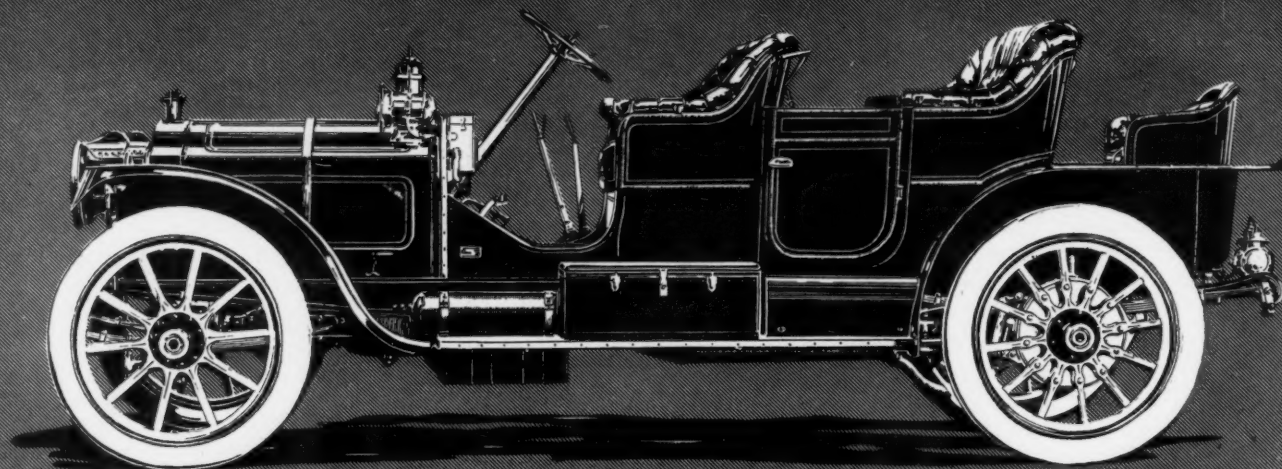
"Joe, on reading this, grabbed his pen and dashed off quick as a flash for next day's issue:

"It must have been cheap, Simon, to be at your expense."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.



TWEEDLE-DUM AND TWEEDLE-DEE

· LIFE ·



Packard "Thirty" with Close-Coupled Body

*Packard*  
MOTOR CARS

1910



Packard Motor Car Company  
Detroit, Michigan

# LIFE



KNOTS

## His Method

**D**EEMSTER: Whenever I have to borrow money I try to get it from a pessimist.

FIELDMAN: Why?

DEEMSTER: A pessimist never expects to get it back.

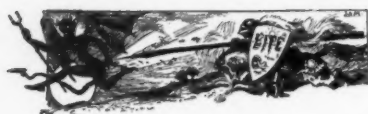
## In Old Kentucky

**"W**HAT killed Jeff Thompson?"  
"What killed Jeff? Oh, he got careless—went to Thursday evening prayer meeting without his gun."

IKE father, Ike son.

**H**E was telling the young woman about his fine cows and called her attention to a calf grazing not far away. "That calf is only six weeks old," he said. "Isn't he a beauty?"

"Only six weeks old!" questioned the young lady in amazement, "and walking so soon?"



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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17 West Thirty-first Street, New York



THE Religion of the Future as outlined by Dr. Charles W. Eliot is interesting, but not very popular. The ministers of the Unitarians and the Reformed Jews say it is about right. The rest of the clergy speak of it in terms of "Oh, go 'long," or "Please keep off the grass." Some of them don't know what Dr. Eliot said; and some of them don't understand what he said, but these and almost all the rest "know better." "The new religion," says Dr. Eliot, "will not be bound by dogma or creed," and the listening ministers promptly bear him out by declining to be bound by the dogmas and the creed that he offers. "The new religion," he says, "will not be based on authority, either spiritual or temporal," and the audience concurs by flouting such authority as he represents.

John Woolman, the Quaker, whose *Journal* has come much to current notice since Dr. Eliot put it on his five-foot shelf, has given an account of his first attempt to speak in meeting. "One day," he says, "being under strong exercise of the spirit, I stood up and said some words in a meeting; but not keeping close to the Divine opening I said more than was required of me." It may be thought to have happened so with Dr. Eliot, but if so, he is a veteran and a philosopher and will not take it as hard as John Woolman did, who tells us: "Being soon sensible of my error I was afflicted in mind some weeks . . . even to that degree that I could not take satisfaction in anything." Dr. Eliot is at least entitled to take satis-

faction, is drawing the fire of the folks who think they like religion as they think it is, and no doubt he will.

And yet, we guess, there is not so very much in his "religion of the future" which does not blend with most of the beliefs of most of his critics. There are a thousand angles from which the same object may be seen and many lines of thought by which approach can be made to the same conclusion. Religious disputes and differences turn a great deal on the meanings of words and the various ideas that the same words convey to the minds of various people. A man's religious opinions can seldom be justly estimated by his statement of them. The really accurate (and scriptural) way to get at what he believes is to examine his blood and his record. There is plenty of scriptural backing for the opinion that it is much safer to estimate a man's beliefs from what he is and does than from his statement of them. Even more so is it safer to judge a man's beliefs from his conduct than his conduct from his beliefs.



IT is Dr. Eliot's record that makes his religious views interesting. It is a record of life-long public service, and though it by no means guarantees that his religious views are sound, at least it does attest they are consistent with good and useful living. We suppose that they differ a good deal, and in details that seem vital from the beliefs of the late Dr. Huntington, of New York, or the late Bishop Brooks, of Massachusetts. Yet both of these illustrious clergymen had demonstrated to the public admiration that their beliefs shaped wonderful lives. Bishop Brooks was thought to be a good deal of a heretic by many churchmen of his denomination, but nobody was dissatisfied with his life or its service. As for Dr. Huntington, he was an ideal clergyman—a man to whom men pointed, as they did to the late Dr. Hale, when they wished to prove that a profession which in these days seems less honored and less attractive than it used to be is still a great profession when the right man enters it. "Christian" is a comprehensive word, which in-

cludes Dr. Eliot, as well as Bishop Brooks and Dr. Hale and Dr. Huntington. Lincoln did not profess that it included him, but Tolstoi, who looked at Lincoln's life rather than at his absence of stated views, spoke of him the other day as "a Christ in miniature."

More or less of a like spirit seems to be in most good men, no matter what their "views" are. With different convictions they are apt to be on the same job and stimulated by the same influence. When divers spires in every village and on every city street stand for difference in understanding of details of the prevailing faith it is a considerable solace and encouragement to observe that there is so much sameness about it when in action.



THE papers report that in Los Angeles County, California, the divorce record since January 1 has been one divorce for every four marriages. Presumably Los Angeles is in the business of furnishing divorces to outsiders.

Is it not overdoing that business? The natural check in divorce in this country is public opinion, and it is almost time it began to operate. American public opinion will countenance a good deal of divorce, and on fairly liberal grounds, but we don't believe it will approve of one divorce to every four marriages. Once let it begin to suspect that American divorce is too easy, too abundant, and hurtful to public morals, and then see what will happen! The enthusiastic Western State legislators will get to work and make divorce as hard to get as cigarettes in the State of Washington or drinks in Kansas. The spirit of Prohibition is just as ready to tackle divorce as to tackle whisky or gambling. It will do it the moment the conviction crystallizes that divorce has come to be a nuisance to families. When it does tackle it it will do it with a whoop and a yell and slam the door.

Therefore, let Los Angeles observe its divorce record, and slow up. Moderation in divorce is the price of public tolerance.



Farmer Applejack (the morning after): "NOT ANOTHER DROP, BY GINGER!"

### Import a Parasite to Bite Alcohol



**W**HY not use the parasite method to kill the liquor pest!

Introduce *eau sucré*!

In so far as our people could be taught to drink sweetened water at small tables on the sidewalk instead of hoisting in alcoholic fluids at bars, the safety and happiness of our communities would probably be promoted. To be sure, *eau sucré* needs a concomitant. There should go with it rumination, cogitation, conversation, and these imply intelligence, leisure and tranquillity. The social glass is a very great institution. What is in it does not so very much matter so be that it satisfies the mind. A lump of sugar and a spoon will do if only the mind accepts them.

Could politics be talked in the City of New York on *eau sucré*?

Yes, by the ablest working politicians. The head men of Tammany, for example, are very abstemious. They can talk politics without any alcohol. Whether their talkees could be anchored to glasses of *eau sucré* while they were being talked

to is a harder question, but our large cities offer a good field for experiment.

It would be worth while sending a commission to France to learn the best methods of introducing sugar and water as a popular beverage. We search the earth for parasites to infect the boll weevil and the gypsy moth. Why not catch one to improve our national habits? Use scientific methods! Our way is to use legislation, and that, alas! as a rule, is far from scientific.

### No Casualties

"**W**HAT delayed you?" asks the parents of the young lady who has been out airshipping with her swain. "Did you have an accident?"

"Nothing of any importance," she explains. "The propeller broke and we dropped in on some friends of Harold's."

### The Mystery of Education

**T**HE new religion, says Dr. Eliot, will have no room for mystery.

Then it will beat education, which continues to be full of mystery.

How the average college boy gets educated is now one of the greatest of popular mysteries and one of the most discussed. Whether education is the product of college curriculum or butts in in spite of it, is matter of perennial dispute. So as to whether kindergartens make children wise or keep them foolish; whether girls are made or marred by the present processes of their higher education; whether, after all, the old prescribed, compulsory, classical education does not beat the new assorted, voluntary education. It is conceded that some persons are educated, but it is abundantly mysterious how they came so.



"ME, TOO!"

## Our Fresh Air Fund

Previously acknowledged.....	\$5,022.07
"E. L. C.".....	8.00
Lloyd, Jack and Betty.....	10.00
"The Charlotte C. Club".....	12.00
Charles A. Munn.....	10.00
"Catharine, Marjorie and Junior".....	5.00
Lord Clonmell.....	50.00
	<hr/>
	\$5,117.07

## POSTALS FROM LIFE'S FARM

Dear Mother  
I reach the contry alright She like it in  
the country We are having a good time  
From Viola

Dear Mamm & Papa. I am felling very  
well and I hope you are the same the first  
night I was very lomesome but they cherrred  
me up. I Hope you will right soon.  
Your loving daughter Bella.

Dear Papa.  
I am very well and happy I arrived here  
safaly and I am happy I hope you are the  
same I wish you don't forget me and send  
me some money.  
Bella.

Mrs. Leaig,  
would you please tell my mama to right  
to me good by  
From Bella

Dear Mama,  
I let you know that I'm well hope to hear  
the same from you. We get milk from the  
cow. There is no store in the country we  
go bathing at ro o'clock it is warm in the  
country. I needa a pencil.  
I do not cry at all I am happy I give  
6oo kisses to all  
Mary

Dear Mother and father I arrived safe I  
hope baby is getting a long. Yesterday when  
we arrived their was a fine supper all the  
milk you want to drink I drank three bolls  
full to the top  
Tell Tony I was aking for him  
Herbert

Dear mother I having a good time I wish  
you was out here I rich here very safe. Don't  
forget to send some money. From Nora

Dear Mother  
Frank & I are together how are you any-  
how & George & Sidney & my old man Bill  
how are the folks also have you any address.  
we are having a fine time we got here safe  
this is all I cannot write no more.

Dear Mama  
Just a few lines to let you know that  
Johonny and I are well and having a Good  
time and I hope you are the same  
Good bye

Dear Mama  
We got to Mr. More safely Tuesday and  
Richard slep all right last night and I hope  
papa ant fighting with you and ask papa if  
he tole anybody to wright to Mr. more and  
ask him to take his boys up wright and tell  
me  
From your daughter



SUMMER READING

AT LIFE'S FARM  
THE OPTIMISTS' CLUBCan't Get Excited About  
Expatriates

THE New York Times wants us all to get excited about an article in the London Daily Mail which dwells upon the increasing number of rich Americans who find life pleasant in England and move over there to live.

We respectfully decline to be excited about those persons. This is the most interesting country in the world. The game here is the biggest game that is anywhere being played. The problems of humanity that are being worked out here are the greatest problems under consideration, and the prospect of solving them is better than it is anywhere else.

England is delightful for rich Americans whose sole aim is amusement; perhaps it is the best place. England is welcome to such persons. But for the bigger Americans who have bigger ideas about the joy of living, this is the country. Beyond all question we keep, and will continue to keep, our first-class people—all the people who want to get more out of life than mere entertainment.

The best human material the United States are losing nowadays is that which climbs over our northwestern border into the wheat lands of Saskatchewan and Manitoba. But that is a legitimate migration of homeseekers after cheap lands. We don't really lose those

people, for they stay on the continent. It matters little that they elect to live next door, for the same destiny controls both sides of the Canadian boundary line.

It is even doubtful whether we lose the amusement seekers who go to live in England. "Where their treasure is their hearts shall be." This country has nothing to fear from non-resident property owners. It is too big for that. And besides it makes its own laws and lays its own taxes.

It is the wonder country of earth; too busy and too great to be jealous; a country that already draws all men onto it. It has only just begun. Stay in and see.

No, neighbor Times, we cannot get excited about our countrymen who prefer to live in England. Let them get excited!

## Cause for Worry

"WE are going to consult a specialist about our boy," says the father. "About your boy?" echoes the friend. "Why, he seems to be a perfectly healthy, rugged lad."

"I know, but we have asked him time and again what he wants to be when he grows up and he never has said that he wants to be a railway engineer."

POLITICS is like a baseball game. The politicians do the playing, the public does the yelling and the magnates pocket the gate receipts.

## Who's Who on Olympus

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS



NEPTUNE

**Neptune.**—Rear-Admiral Bob. Chief of the Medico-Naval forces of the Zeusvelt Administration. Second son of Colonel Kronos, and Rhea, from whom he got his title of Rhea-Admiral. Champion Long Distance Swimmer in the Olympian Games, and hero of many poems by Homer and others, notably "The Ancient Mariner," the most popular god on the list, especially along the Jersey Coast, where he is permitted to embrace without protest any or all of the Summer girls in sight. The original Old Salt. An ardent water-mobilist, breeder and trainer of Jonah's whale and chief promoter of The Noah's Ark Navigation Company in the early diluvian era. Though given exclusively to water, is often found with a pronounced tide on, though seldom drunk. Is known to mariners as Davy Jones, and the keeper of Mother Carey's chickens. President of the Dew Trust and of The International Seaweed and Marine Fertilizing Company. Builder of the first known aquarium, and is absolute master of the Lobster Industry of the world. Recreations: Raging, coursing with ocean grayhounds and getting married, having a wife in every port, and a large waiting list besides. Address, With the Fleet, care of Bob Evans, Esq., or in care of Dr. Rixey, White House, Washington (ring top bell).

**Minerva.**—Athene Jane, daughter of George W. Jupiter, Esq. Sprung, not born, from head of Jove and considered a very excellent idea. Acquired universal knowledge early in

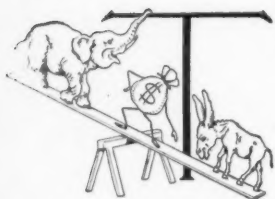
life and consequently never married. Principal the Helicon Academy for Young Ladies, and later president Pallas Female Seminary, where she personally occupied the chairs of Wisdom and Physical Culture. As Custodian of Common Sense in the domestic entourage of her father she established the first Intelligence Office on record, and was frequently referred to as the Brains of the Administration. The first piece of his mind given to the public by Jupiter, and a convincing retort to the taunt of Juno that he hadn't a decent idea in his head. Though democratic in her tastes, always rode in a Pallas car. Champion lady lightweight in the Olympian ring, which, in addition to her superior intelligence, may account for her having been the original old maid. On several occasions won the decision from Mars himself in less than three rounds, but for steady diet preferred the intellectual to the strenuous life. Author of "Reminiscences of a High Brow," "How to Get a Head in the World," "Gorgon Hunting in the Rockies, or Medusæ I Have Slone," and "The Complete Lady Pugilist." Recreations: Single blessedness, nursing heroes and boxing. Address, Jupiter's Temples Browhead, Olympus, or The Parnassus Athletic and Literary Club.



MINERVA

## A Nightmare of Ultimate Consumption

By WALLACE IRWIN



THE Ultimate Consumer peeked from out his slumbers drear;  
His Shoes were walking round the room and acting very queer.  
"Why should we kick?" the Brogans hissed,  
"We're on that dear Protected List—  
We'll pinch poor Mr. Ultimate a little more next year."

The Ultimate Consumer saw his Trousers lean and tall  
Go dancing o'er the Carpet from their place upon the wall.

"Good news!" they whispered to the Hose,

"We're saved again from foreign foes;

But poor old Ult must pay the bill if he wears Clothes at all."

The Ultimate Consumer heard some Voices down below—  
The Groceries in the Kitchen were discussing Uncle Jo.

"I'm going up," the Sugar said,

"And so am I," replied the Bread.

"We've all got friends in Congress," chuckled Coal Oil,  
"ain't that so?"

The Ultimate Consumer tried to slumber, but alas!

His Bed began to frolic like a yearling turned to grass.

"Scat!" cried the Bed, "get off of me!

I'm made of Western lumber—see?

You can't afford a Bed, sir, since they let that Schedule pass."

The Ultimate Consumer saw (and he was sore afraid)

The Kitchenware, the Knives and Forks pass by in cruel parade.

A Razor snarled, "He's mine, he's mine!

Friend Aldrich ground me very fine—

On, steely sirs!" he cried; and at our wretched Hero made.

The Ultimate Consumer (who had always done his share  
To pay the Senate's salary and keep the Senate there),

He gave a shrill and startled scream

Which woke him from his troubled dream;

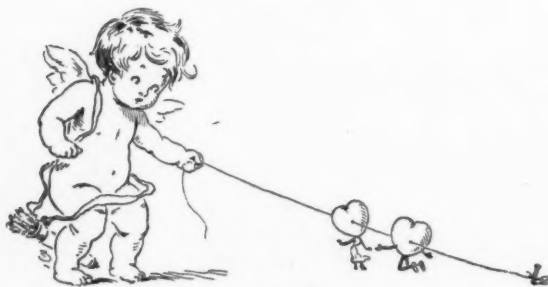
His brow was wet with clammy sweat and bristling was his hair.

The Ultimate Consumer said, "I ultimately see  
The ultimate reward of my Protected Industree.

If high-priced Statesmen legislate

The Tariff to its Ultimate

They'll soon consume the Ultimate Consumer—which is me."



PUPPETS



— BOB ADDAMS —  
— 19 —

"THIS HOUSE WILL LAST FOREVER, WILLIAM. IT'S BUILT  
ENTIRELY OF BREAKFAST FOOD"

## "Harvard" Merchandises

IN an open letter to the *Boston Transcript* Mr. John Jay Chapman chides President-Emeritus Eliot for calling his five feet of sound literature "The Harvard Classics." By what authority, asks Mr. Chapman, is the name of the university put on these books?

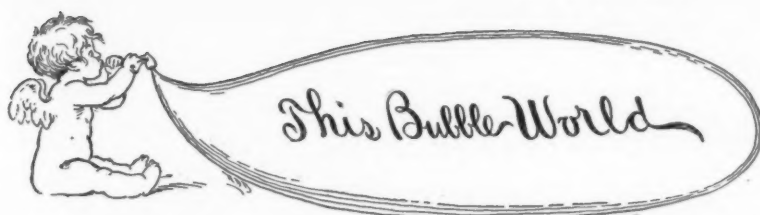
By none, presumably. Neither is there any authority for calling somebody's make of beer "Harvard beer." "Harvard" is a handy name for various articles of merchandise—beer, cigarettes, suspenders, shirt collars and the like. Its use in that way seldom carries the inference that the university is responsible for the product that bears its name.

As we see it the "Harvard Classics" might better have been called the Eliot Classics. But that is no great matter. If the beer doesn't hurt the name the books won't. The books are good books, and to induce the American mind to feed upon them a little is a good work.

## When a Dear Friend Speaks

CLARABEL: It was while I was wearing this bewitching hat that my husband first became acquainted with me.

ISABEL: And do you never fear that he may bring suit against your milliner for damages?



THE proper programme for all Americans who visit the seashore is this: First, stuff yourself with as much unusual food as you can hold. Second, exercise in all of the unusual ways that you can think of. Third, drink all of the unusual drinks you can discover. Fourth, stay in the water as long as possible, and when you are tired sit in a gale of wind and cool off. After you have faithfully followed these rules and at the end of the week are laid up in bed with a hotel physician on your hands and forty-seven varieties of cold and stomach trouble, it is then in order for you to curse the place and wonder why you ever thought of going there.

SPEAKING of summer hotel physicians, did you ever fall into the clutches of this voracious being? He calls on you twice or three times a day. He prescribes drugs that have been lying in the local drug store from time immemorial, always selecting—to help the druggist out—those that have been there the longest. He tells you stories about imaginary patients that he has cured in the past. He assures you that you are sick unto death. And when, after you have pulled through in spite of him, he presents his bill, you finally come to understand how he manages to live through the winter.



IF you are going on a vacation beware of going where there are people you know. In particular, avoid being thrown with the quiet business man whom you have known for years as an orderly and decent person in his own home. The probability is that he will pester your life out wanting you to "do things." He will get up excursions to distant places. He will arrange for card parties where your presence is absolutely necessary to "make up a fourth." He will insist upon your taking long walks to "build yourself up for the coming strain." He will thrust before you exciting detective stories, and bother the life out of you until you have read them. In short, he will hang upon

you like an old man of the sea with the pertinacity and ingenuity of the devil himself. Before engaging your rooms, therefore, always take pains to ascertain there isn't going to be any one there from your own town.



ACCORDING to the Rev. Dr. George Clarke Houghton, "American men and women to-day hire their wives and husbands as they hire their carriages and their houses. Therefore, if they are not suited they proceed to hire different ones—it's very simple. Hire, tire and fire! That is the motto of the modern home."

In an age given to an extravagance of statement—if it will only produce the desired effect—possibly Dr. Houghton can be excused for this blast. Being a clergyman also he is entitled to more latitude than an ordinary person. Clergymen have what may be called a theological license not to tell the truth. We know that the facts are not as Dr. Houghton represents them to be, in spite of a surface semblance of truth which gives him enough of a peg to hang his utterance upon. If all American homes were run on this basis, we wouldn't see so many married people going about with youngsters trailing on behind them, apparently accepting their hard lots with composure and philosophy. The truth is that no law, or set of laws would make the slightest difference on earth, if people who are marrying continually should make up their minds to change off. Out of the great majority of married people there is a small proportion who are dissatisfied with each other, who have waked up and discovered they have made a mistake. The utmost facilities should be given them to start afresh. Their mistakes should not be hung around their necks the rest of their lives. May be this small proportion is increasing. This wouldn't be a matter of surprise. But it is going to take a good deal more than their example to frighten off the majority who haven't made mistakes, but who, all things considered, are fairly well satisfied.



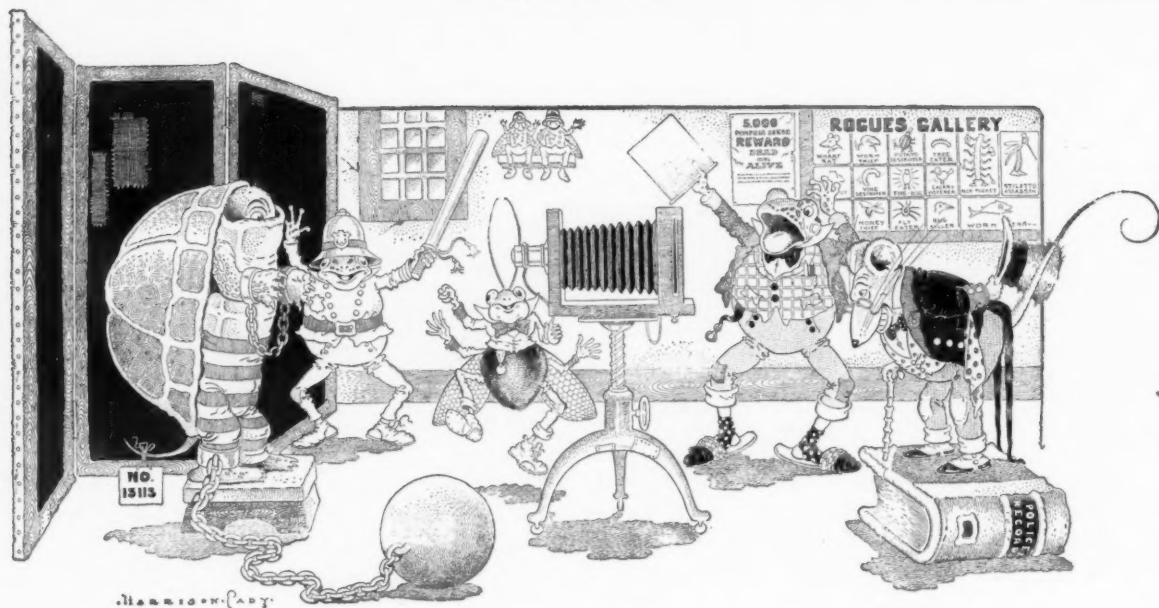
PROFESSOR HUGO MUNSTERBERG, in recently criticising the Emmanuel movement, stated that what was needed in the study of this and similar movements was more psychology. At present Professor Munsterberg

is the official supplier of psychology to the American people. He turns out a book on the subject every other week, and not only tells us what a great man he is himself, but insists that psychology has done it. As for our humble selves, we don't take so much stock in psychology as doubtless we ought, considering that Professor Munsterberg advocates it. It seems to us that if psychology was the great science that it is cracked up to be, it would have done something to justify itself—improve our educational system, for example. At last accounts our educational system was a little worse than it ever has been before; and yet psychology has been on deck for some time, ordering everybody about.



A EUROPEAN physician says that all children, before the age of two, should have the vermiform appendix removed, in much the same manner that, in many quarters, they now have to be vaccinated publicly. A uniform tariff might be made, the charges to be paid by the government, and the revenue gathered from a special tax. But here is the great trouble—how would some of our leading surgeons be supported if the means of charging from \$2,500 to \$10,000 an operation was taken away from them? May we not pause on the threshold of this innovation and ask ourselves, as a free and untrammelled people, whether we have the right to take the bread out of the mouths of our leading surgeons?

THE yoke of the tip has now extended to the patrons of shoe cleaning establishments. It is now the usual thing to see men in New York shoe cleaning places hand the bootblack five cents extra, in addition to the regular fee of ten cents. Years ago the regular price for a shine was five cents. With the advent of the yellow shoe and the various polishers, the price has doubled. Now the tip has become the custom, so that the average man cheerfully pays



Mr. Mouse: WHAT'S THE MATTER HERE?

"MATTER! WHY EVERY TIME I GO TO PRESS THE BUTTON HE DRAWS IN HIS HEAD."

fifteen cents for a service that is actually worth about three. The usual tip in restaurants is about ten per cent. But the bootblack gets fifty per cent. And this for putting something on your shoes that if persisted in almost invariably cracks then open at the end of six weeks.

#### The Business End of It

"YES, there's a good side to everything."

"Is there? Well, my family were vaccinated about three years ago and we have had between us since then almost every known disease. Where's the good side to that?"

"The virus maker got 200 per cent. profit on the stuff and the med. got \$5 for squirting the filth into you, besides realizing handsomely on the new diseases you now own. Nothing bad about that side of it."

"IN places of trust, women are said to be more honest than men."

"Why?"

"Oh, they have no women to steal for."

THE charter member of the Ancient Order of Damphools is the man who writes all he knows in a diary and loses it.



#### A FAIR EXCHANGE

"SAY, DOC! 'SCUSE ME FER BUTTIN' IN, BUT I'VE GOT A STRAIGHT TIP ON THE PONIES I'D LIKE TO SWAP FER A SURE CURE FER RHEUMATISM"



EVERYBODY HAPPY

### Supply and Demand

PEOPLE who have money are constantly wishing for things that they would be better off without.

Those people who have no money—or a great deal less than they want—are trying to create something to exchange for the money of the rich.

When any one comes along, therefore, and makes a plea for the simple life, he is not playing according to the rules of the game. He is trying to interest people in his project, for the transient purpose of making something for himself, while at the same time he is working against both parties concerned; against those who demand things and against those who want to supply it to them.

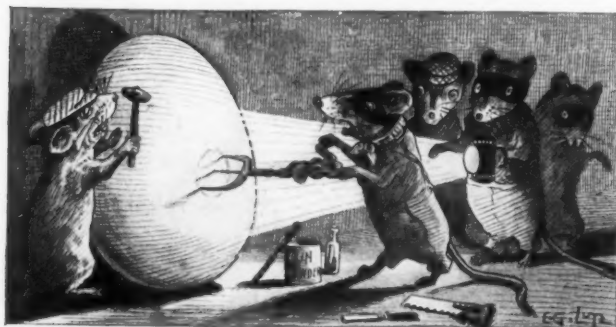
What the majority of people need, therefore, is not a simple, but a complicated life. The more complicated it is for the rich, the more variety they can add to their pleasures; and thus more opportunities are created for the poor to get some of their money away from them.

### When?

JUDGE (to grim old maid who had charged a laborer with having kissed her on the street): And you assert that this man was perfectly sober?

OLD MAID: Certainly!

JUDGE: Before or after the kiss?



A GROUP OF SOCIALISTS



A SENSIBLE PRECAUTION

"SEE, WIFEY, HERE ARE THE BIRDS THAT PLAY SUCH AWFUL TRICKS ON PEOPLE."

"WELL, DEARIE, I'M GLAD THEY HAVE THEM WIRED IN."

### Consistency

FRIEND: What are you so sour about?

CHRONIC DYSPEPTIC: Oh, I've eaten something that agreed with me.

### A Bad Example

NOT long ago a wealthy woman who endeavored to smuggle into this country some goods in a false bottom to her trunk, and who also got through a \$23,000 necklace, was apprehended by the government and told that she would be made an example of. One of the officials remarked that they would "go the limit." There seems to be little doubt that the woman was guilty and that she ought to be punished according to law. But in the meantime every decent citizen who comes back to this country is almost daily insulted by customs officials, and a case like this only makes them more arrogant and officious. Our whole idea of collecting revenue is wrong, especially when it creates a body of prying ruffians to subject decent people to an insulting scrutiny. Our government seems to set the example in bad manners.



FICHES  
FRESH, DRY AND PRESE

LIFE.



RICHES  
FRESH, DEMAND PRESERVED

## Counselors and Counseled



**M**R. ANDREW LANG, in one of his least amiable moods, has remarked that if we do not by this time know what to read, it is not for lack of cheap and copious instruction. There are seasons—and this is one of them—when we feel the melancholy weight of his words. There are seasons—and this is one of them—when it seems impossible to elude our advisers, even if we are disposed to pursue our own abandoned way. Those of us who encountered—and survived—the tidal wave of admonition which swept over our harmless heads a score of years ago, when the wise one's of the world made out lists of the hundred books which we were least disposed to read, lists of books which had helped or hindered their own enlightened careers, and lists of books which would keep us content and cultivated on a desert island, discern ominous signs of another approaching inundation. The impetus given by President Eliot's much discussed book shelf, our respectful desire to follow the mental processes which prompted his selections, and the enterprise of publishers, ever ready to encourage the useful habit of reading, have roused us to fresh interest in our neighbor's intellectual welfare.

One businesslike detail of this transient enthusiasm for literature is the offering of prizes for lists of books, the merits of which are to be tested by their popularity. Instead of one man telling the public what to read, the public

undertakes to tell the one man how much he has missed in letters. It has been argued that as the public does the buying of books, its views have substantial weight and should be treated with consideration. A few years ago a great academy of art invited some hundreds of working women to inspect an exhibition of pictures; and, by way of adding zest to the occasion, each visitor was requested to vote for the picture she thought the best. After an hour's patient examination and consultation, one young woman submitted a respectful inquiry. Was the institution going to buy the picture which had the most votes? It was explained that no such practical assistance was demanded. Pictures were bought by a purchasing committee. "Oh, I see," said the girl, thoughtfully, "you want us to tell you what we don't know, so that you will know that we don't know it." And having solved the great principle of competitive examinations and popular prize lists, she returned contented to her companions.

*Agnes Repplier.*

**M**R. TUMP: I comes home fum de lodge last night wid sawt of a wavy motion, and muh wife kotch me by de neck, flung me 'crost de foot-boa'd o' de bed, and beat and mauled me world widout eend, mighty nigh.

**MR. SASSOON:** Huht yo', sah?

**MR. TUMP:** Huht me? Uh-well, sah, dess lemme say dat de lady didn't 'min-



MR. HOCKSTEIN, FINDING THE ABOVE VIEW A BIT UNINTERESTING, BY A SIMPLE DEVICE—

ister no laughin' gas to me befo' she 'saulted me!

**DOCTOR:** You ought to sleep in a high altitude.

**BIGGSBY:** I suppose I could arrange to pass the nights in my New York office.

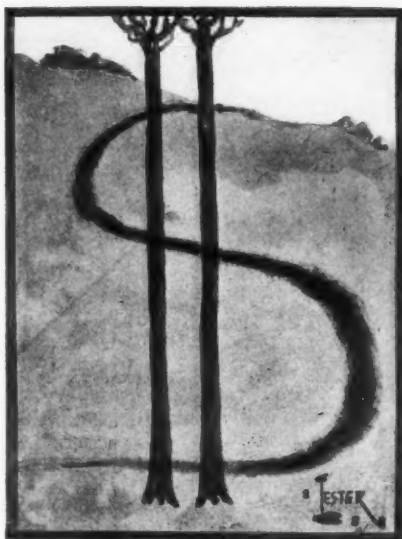
## Modern

**R**ECENTLY two little children were brought to this country to join their mother. But when it was found that she might not be able to support them they were ordered back to their own country because they might possibly become "charges" on this government. Later, through the intervention of friends, aided by Commissioner Williams, they were chased by a tug-boat just as the steamer bore them out of the harbor and brought back to their mother with tears of joy.

This is one of the ways in which our immigration laws work. It prevents children from meeting their parents, but permits a traffic in young girls that would have been a disgrace to Rome in its palmiest days.



WITH ALL THY WORLDLY GOODS I THEE ENDURE



IMPROVES IT GREATLY

### Self-Government

**A**LDERMEN in the treasury  
Dividing up our money.  
Council on a junket  
Eating up our honey.  
Mayor in the garden  
Going through our clothes;  
Along comes a fat cop  
Who treads on our toes.  
*Roy Bergengren.*

**P**OST: Who are the most successful settlement workers?  
**P**ARKER: The foreign nobles who come over and marry rich American girls.

**A**CRITIC is a man who presumes to forecast the opinion of posterity.

**T**HE hands that rob the cradle rule the world.

### Crime and Clime

*(It is said that cold is conducive to crime. In low temperatures the evil in human nature is developed to an alarming degree.)*

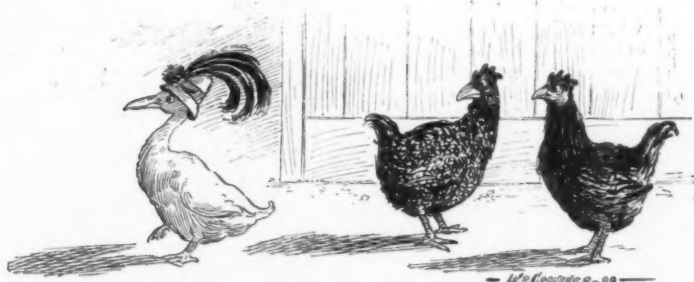
**I**N summer, when at early dawn  
The solar rays about me flicker,  
I tend my pigs, or mow the lawn,  
Or play at croquet with the vicar.  
My smile is innocent and bland,  
My temper meek and mild and mellow;  
I'd eat out of a person's hand,  
I'm such a harmless fellow.  
("An ass," as friends inform each other,  
"But so devoted to his mother!")

In winter, when a blizzard blows,  
And drives thermometers to zero,  
I unexpectedly disclose  
The worst propensities of Nero.

All caution to the winds I fling,  
Sheer dissipation my delight is,  
While even mother's suffering  
From chronic suffragitis,  
And keeps a record, neatly written,  
Of all policemen she has bitten.

In summer, when some relative  
Commits a burglary, or forges,  
I see no reason to forgive  
Such quite unseasonable orgies;  
But when, in winter, I imbibe  
Too freely ere I seek my pillow,  
To climate I at once ascribe  
This trifling peccadillo.

\* \* \* \* \*  
See, mother dear, how wild the weather!  
Let's go and rob a church together!  
*Harry Graham.*



"THERE GOES THAT BRAZEN MISS DUCK, THE HEARTLESS THING."  
"YOU SEEM TO HAVE A BAD OPINION OF HER."  
"NO WONDER. AFTER MY BROTHER SACRIFICED HIS TAIL FOR TRIMMINGS FOR HER  
HAT SHE JILTED HIM BECAUSE HE LOOKED SO HOMELY."



ANOTHER MILE AND A HALF TO SLIDE  
BEFORE I CAN GET ASSISTANCE

### Mr. Loeb Mults Everybody

**C**OLLECTOR LOEB says he is collecting duties, according to law, on passenger's baggage at the port of New York; that the "glad hand" has been abolished, that the customs' receipts have doubled, and that he means to have all incomers pay the legal dues on all they bring.

Excellent! We never could see that it was a just or judicious modification of the protective tariff to exempt from its exactions persons who were rich enough to do their shopping abroad, and wicked enough to bribe or beat the customs officers. The tariff ought to pinch us all alike, and be hated impartially by all of us. So may it be the earlier abated.

**G**REAT grafts from little duties grow.



## Husbands' Correspondence Bureau

WE hereby offer an apology to our new customers for being so behindhand with our orders, but there has been such a rush of business in this office that we can't keep up with the demands made upon us. Have a little patience—bear your wrongs a little longer, and we will get around to you in good time.

We've been handicapped greatly by a lack of office help. We are obliged to employ ladies in this office, and on account of our customers constantly dropping in on us it wouldn't be wise to employ any but the most fetching girls. We can't afford to lose our trade, so we make a point of hiring beauty first and ability afterward. Sometimes our lady help—especially when they happen to be temporarily crossed in love—get into communication with the enemy and cause trouble. Here's a letter we have just received, which will give a fair idea of the burden we are carrying.

Dear Sirs:

If you will kindly glance over your books you will see that I am one of your oldest patrons. I had my wife just where I wanted her—thanks to your admirable system, when it works—and she was actually getting so that she even consulted me before she bought so much as a shirtwaist, when last week she informed me that all her respect for me had vanished. "I thought," she went on, "that the courage you have been displaying toward me was inherent in you, and for this reason I was only too glad to be ruled by you. Now, however, I discover that you are merely the tool of a corporation, or whatever it calls itself." It seems

that she had been in communication with some one in your office. I suspect who it is, too. She wouldn't show me the letter, but it cannot emanate from any one but the tall blonde on the left as you enter, whom I have chucked under the chin on numerous occasions when I have visited you, and whom, on my last visit, I refused to take to Coney Island because I had a previous engagement. Now, gentlemen, what are you going to do about it? If you are cherishing traitors in your camp, ought your old customers to pay for it? And how are you going to square me with my wife? Wire reply, as I haven't been able to leave the house for three nights. All my good money has been wasted.

Yours truly,

P—W—

This gentleman has only himself to blame. While we employ the most beautiful girls we can hire—as before explained—we do this only for the sake of appearances. We want to make a pleasant impression. But we don't expect our customers to take advantage of this. We admit that it is oftentimes hard for a discouraged husband to enter our office, with its charming personalities scattered around; at the same time, if there is anything to him he will resist.

Nevertheless, we must protect our trade. We have discharged the lady in question, with great regret—she was a favorite of ours—and we will furnish our friend with a six months' course free. We shall have to begin all over with him, which makes it all the harder. He won't be able to play a comfortable game of poker for at least three months more, and he must be prepared to receive astonishing millinery bills; but in the end, if he follows our instructions, forwarded by special delivery to-day, all will be well.

This leads us to an important matter. Some insignificant and petty busybodies have been circulating the report that this Bureau is engaged in the business of leading its customers into temptation. Our special roof garden, our vaudeville performances for tired husbands, and our summer colony, not to mention the various special pleasures planned from time to time by our entertainment committee, have been the subject of unpleasant and unjust criticism.

We regret this greatly, but it is one of the numerous crosses that we have

to bear. Our policy is a broad and liberal one. We believe that the only way you can bring a husband at last into a permanently impregnable position is not to place any restrictions upon him. And we point with pride to our record. Practically every customer we have on our books is deeply respected by his wife. For our business is with wives, as well as husbands. Without giving away our secret methods, we will simply say that at the end of our full course of treatment every wife understands perfectly that her husband, on account of the heavy financial burdens he is obliged to carry, and because of his larger masculine nature, requires a greater variety of amusements. Here, for example, is a private letter just received. The writer begs us to withhold his name:

Dear Friends:

How can I thank you enough for what you have done for me? Not only am I having the time of my life, but my wife thinks it is all right. Her very attitude about this—her very willingness to let me have a reasonable fling—only makes me respect her all the more. Thus we are living together in mutual love and admiration.

Gratefully yours,

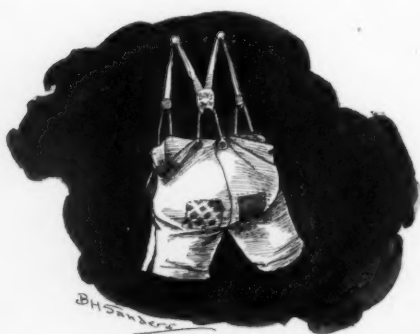
D—S—

P. S.—Please send me pamphlet No. 3, issued by your entertainment committee. I believe it is called "A Galaxy of Beauty."

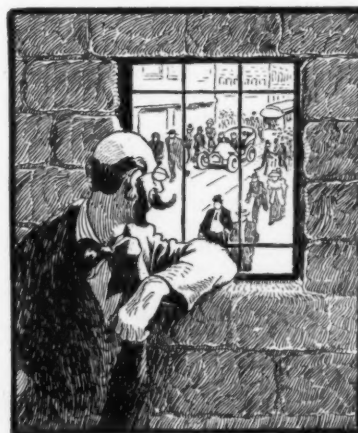
D. S.

We beg to inform our patrons and the world at large, that we shall keep right on in our path. Money isn't everything. It is a matter of conscience as well. If you are down-hearted and discouraged get into touch with our entertainment committee at once. In the meantime file your name and address as soon as possible. First come, first alleviated.

HUSBANDS' CORRESPONDENCE BUREAU.



A TWO-CYLINDER RUNABOUT



"AH, I NOW COMPREHEND. ZAT EES WHAT ZEY MEANS BY 'ZE PUBLIC AT LARGE!'"



"PLEASE, SIR, MISSIS SAYS TO TELL YOU THAT THESE IS PRIVATE GROUNDS"

## Recipe for Americanitis



Take one quart of ambition add four ounces of perseverance, a pinch of strenuosity, a tankard of midnight oil and 150 pounds of mere man. Stir in the early A. M. with an alarm clock, cover with a little dressing and quickly pour in—one cup of coffee. Season with a dash of exercise and allow to sit for one hour in an electric refrigerator completely wrapped up in a morning newspaper. Agitate for half a day in a carpeted oven, frequently relishing with a spice of telephone, a grating of typewriter and a fresh stenographer. Remove for a few moments to the nearest pantry and stuff with a ham sandwich and piece of pie, moistening the ingredients with a glass of milk.

Agitate some more in the skyscraper oven until the dough-doting rarebit becomes crusty and has the appearance of being well done up. Stand in the subway for another hour or beat it to a trolley jam, constantly churning until the masculine compound has a hardened look and a curdled way. After sweetening with the oil of taffy, stuff with table d'hôte filling until properly tempered, and set aside in a comfortable chair to cool, savoring with a Wall Street extract of Lamb sauce. Smooth gently with a handful of lady fingers until it

acquires an angel-food composition and a checkbook flavor.

Practice this recipe daily until the automobile taste and pony-coat dressing have been palatably mustered and serve with nervous-prostration icing as an office-hour appetizer for doctors and undertakers.

H. T. Moore.



A MARCONI WASH OUT

BH Sanders



# AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

## Make Hay While the Sun Shines

Maud Muller, in her brief hey-day,  
Raked in the meadow, so they say,

And pretty Nan at break of dawn,  
Gets up to mow her father's lawn.

And oh, that mower's creak and squeak!  
Oblivion in vain I seek!

Though little birds to catch the worms  
Must early rise, the sage affirms;

And though Maud's face, so sweet and warm,  
Quite took the Judge's heart by storm,

Still, neighbor Nancy, just next door,  
Please don't disturb my morning snore.

Dream your sweet dreams, let me dream mine;  
Then, when the day grows fair and fine,

I'll tell you what I'll gladly do:  
I'll mow—and more—make love to you!  
—Lippincott's.

## A Candid Judge

A Dover lawyer tells a story in which figures the Hon. H. L. Dawes, who, it seems, in his younger days was an indifferent speaker. Shortly after his admission to the bar he had a case which was tried before a North Adams justice of the peace, and Dawes was opposed by a lawyer whose eloquence attracted a large crowd. The justice was perspiring in the crowded room and evidently fast losing his temper. Finally he drew off his coat and, in the midst of the eloquent address, burst out:

"Mr. Attorney, supposing that you take a seat and let Mr. Dawes speak. I want to thin out this crowd."—Lippincott's.

## She Might Have Helped

HE: It was a frightful moment when I received your letter telling me of the insuperable obstacle to our marriage. I would have shot myself, but I had no money to buy a revolver.

SHE: Dearest, if only you had let me know.—*Simplicissimus.*



"AND THEY CALL ME THE UGLIEST OF ALL ANIMALS!"

## Small Hope

"Did she refuse him?"

"Practically; she said she would not marry him till he arrived at years of discretion."—*Brooklyn Life.*

## Concentration

FRIEND: But your house has no view.

PROPRIETOR: That doesn't matter; all the guests play bridge.—*Week End.*

"ALL I did," said the big grain speculator, "was to take advantage of an opportunity." "Well," answered Farmer Cornossel, "that's all Captain Kidd used to do."—*Washington Star.*

## English Coffee

The American opinion of coffee as understood in the English home is not high, and how the coffee of the English lodgings is esteemed may be understood from the following traveler's tale. It was his first morning in London "apartments," and his landlady came up with the breakfast, and as he began the meal opened a slight conversation.

"It looks like rain," she said.

"It does," replied the American, "but it smells rather like coffee."—*London Chronicle.*

## Her Indorsement

"I want to get this check cashed," said the young matron, appearing at the window of the paying teller.

"Yes, madam. You must indorse it, though," explained the teller.

"Why, my husband sent it to me. He is away on business," she said.

"Yes, madam. Just indorse it; sign it on the back so we will know, and your husband will know we paid it to you."

She went to the desk against the wall and in a few moments presented the check, having written on its back: "Your loving wife, Edith."—*Bellman.*

## Puzzle for the Policeman

An amusing adventure happened on one occasion to Dr. Clifford when he was conducting a series of services in Birmingham. Arriving a few minutes before the commencement, the doctor was refused admission by the policeman at the door.

"I want to go in," said Dr. Clifford.

"Are you a seatholder?" asked the official.

"No, I am not."

"Then you can't go in."

"I think," remarked the famous passive resister, "that there will be room for me in the pulpit."

"I am not so sure of it," retorted the other.

"But I am Dr. Clifford; and I am due to preach in another minute and a half."

"Oh, are you?" said the incredulous policeman. "I have let in two Dr. Clifford's already."—*The Woman's Life.*

## Partners in Crime

The hard looking customer had been arrested for stealing an umbrella.

"What have you to say for yourself?" asked the police justice. "Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"I'm one o' the guilty ones, y'r honor, I reckon," answered the prisoner. "The umbrella had the name of J. Thompson on the handle, G. H. Brickley stamped on the inside o' the cover, an' I stole it from a man named Quimby."—*Chicago Tribune.*

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Write the Val. Blatz Brewing Co., mentioning this paper, for their interesting booklet entitled "A Genial Philosopher."

# Not One of Your Trees Can Take Care of Itself

Not one of the stately, old trees on your country place can take care of itself. Insects and fungi ruin its foliage and its beauty. Dead branches, the result of neglect, open the way for decay. And cavities formed by decay, slowly but surely kill the tree.

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# OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



## Unintentional

PERCY: Why, Kitty, how fast you walk! I have been twying to overtake you foh threee blocks.

KITTY: I wasn't hurrying especially, Percy. I didn't know that you were coming.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

ASHEVILLE, N. C.: The four-season resort of the South. THE MANOR, the English-like Inn of Asheville.

THERE is only one thing that disturbs an author more than to ask for his autograph, and that is not to ask for his autograph.—*The Era.*



# You Selected Your Automobile

with care—why not put the same thought on the selection of your cylinder oil?

THE NEW CAN  
—It's Sealed

# PANHARD OIL

"The Oil in the Checker-Board Can"

enables your engine to develop its full power and speed.

You can keep your car out of the repair shops by using Panhard Oil.

Panhard Oil is a standard of quality. It is used by motorists who appreciate that the "best is the cheapest."

Our booklet "Lubrication" will aid you in selecting the grade of Panhard best suited to your car.

GEORGE A. HAWS

86 Pine Street

New York City

"MAMMA," inquired little Waldo Bunker, of Boston, who was spending the winter in Florida, "what is that body of water?" "The Atlantic ocean, my dear." "The Atlantic ocean!" exclaimed little Waldo, in amazement. "Why, I thought the Atlantic ocean was near Boston!"—*Master, Mate, and Pilot.*

AND thus spoke Sewell Ford:

It was a dark night. A man was riding a bicycle with no lamp. He came to a crossroads, and did not know which way to turn. He felt in his pocket for a match. He found but one. Climbing to the top of the pole, he lit the match carefully and in the ensuing glimmer read:

WET PAINT

—Everybody's.

"In a pinch use Allen's Foot-Ease," remarked the tramp, as he threw a package of white powder into the eyes of the policeman who was about to arrest him.—*The Harvard Lampoon.*

## Her Leap Year Proposal

"You've been courting me now for a number of years, George," remarked a girl to a young man, "and I want to make a little leap-year proposal."

"I—I am not in a position to m-marry just yet," stammered the youth; but—"

"Who said anything about marriage?" interrupted the girl. "I was going to propose that you stop coming here and give somebody else a chance."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

## Apodictic

"I am determined to go on a vacation!" Whittler looked almost fierce as he spoke. Cleverton regarded him with a quizzical look. "You have a comfortable home?" he asked. "Splendid. Nothing could be better."

"And a loving wife?" "None more so. Studies to please all the time. Never obtrudes herself, and is silent when desirable."

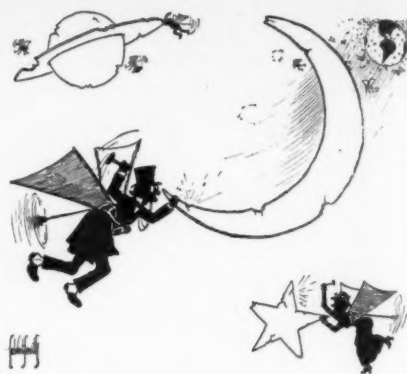
"You are in good physical condition?" "Very. Never felt better."

"No trouble of any sort, no hidden worry that you want to get away from?" "None whatever. Everything is serene."

"What, then, is the reason for your going?" Whittler smiled.

"My dear boy," he replied, "don't you know that when everything is running smoothly, when there is absolutely no cause for complaint, when you simply couldn't improve on the present conditions if you tried—don't you understand that then the pure and unadulterated cussedness of human nature absolutely demands that something be done to upset the harmony of things? That's why I am going on a vacation. I'm looking for trouble!"—*Lippincott's.*

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50 cents per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles



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*Some Hidden Sources of Fiction*, by B. M. Mead. (Geo. W. Jacobs & Co.)

*The Short Stop*, by Zane Grey. (A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.25.)

*How to Identify the Stars*, by Willis I. Millham. (Macmillan Co. 75 cents.)

*The Patience of John Morland*, by Mary Dillon. (Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.)

*Poppea of the Post Office*, by Mabel Osgood Wright. (The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.)

*A Certain Rich Man*, by William Allen White. (The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.)

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Traveling Eastbound

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Visiting Egypt, India, Burma, Ceylon, Siam, Java, Cochin China, Tonquin, the Philippines, Yang-tse-Kiang, interior tour of China, including Peking, the Great Wall, Korea, Japan and Honolulu.

Traveling Southbound

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Membership limited. Programs free by mail.  
If interested, early application recommended.

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## SPARKS FROM OLD ANVILS

### The Literary Man

It is a very dangerous thing for a literary man to indulge his love for the ridiculous. People laugh with him just so long as he amuses them; but if he attempts to be serious, they must still have their laugh, and so they laugh at him.

There is in addition, however, a deeper reason for this than would at first appear. Do you know that you feel a little superior to every man who makes you laugh, whether by making faces or verses? . . . If I were giving advice to a young fellow of talent, with two or three facets to his mind, I would tell him by all means to keep his wit in the background until after he had made a reputation by his more solid qualities.

Do you know, too, that the majority of men look upon all who challenge their attention—for a while, at least—as beggars and nuisances? They always try to get off as cheaply as they can; and the cheapest of all things they can give a literary man—pardon the forlorn pleasantry!—is the funny-bone. That is all very well so far as it goes, but satisfies no man, and makes a good many angry, as I told you on a former occasion.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes, in "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

### Right and Wrong

Wise people, when they are in the wrong, always put themselves right by finding fault with the people against whom they have sinned. . . . The art of doing this is among the most precious of those usually cultivated by persons who know how to live. There is no withstanding it. Who can go systematically to work, and having done battle with the primary accusation and settled that, then bring forward a counter charge and support that also? Life is not long enough for such labors. A man in the right relies easily on his rectitude and therefore goes about unarmed. His very strength is his weakness. A man in the wrong knows that he must look to



## Gillette Safety Razor

**T**HE man with the wiry beard and tender skin appreciates the Gillette Safety Razor more than anyone when he finds how easily he can shave with it.

It takes from three to five minutes for a clean, satisfying shave. No stropping—no honing.

It is the one safe razor and the only razor that can be adapted for a light or close shave.

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It pays for itself in three months and it lasts a lifetime.

The Gillette, illustrated herewith, is so compact that it can be carried in the pocket or slipped in the side of a traveling bag. It comes in gold, silver or gun metal—with handle and blade box to match. *The blades are fine.*

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You should know Gillette Shaving Brush—bristles gripped in hard rubber; and Gillette Shaving Stick—a soap worthy of the Gillette Safety Razor.

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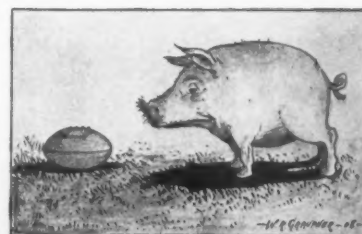
528 Kimball Building, Boston

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Factories: Boston, Montreal, London, Berlin, Paris



his weapons; his very weakness is his strength. The one is never prepared for combat, the other is always ready. Therefore it is that in this world the man that is in the wrong almost invariably conquers the man that is in the right, and invariably despises him.—Anthony Trollope, "Barchester Towers," chap. 37.



HIS ANCESTOR



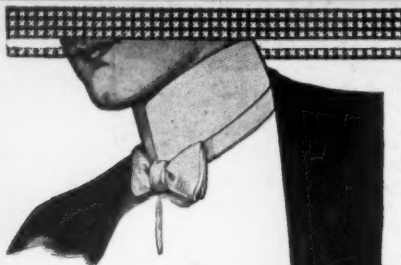
## WHY SUFFER FROM HAYFEVER?

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Caused by pollen and dust in the air. —  
Relieved by the Nasalfilter. It is made of Sterling silver,  
fitted with fine mesh cloth changeable at will.

PRICE \$2.00

Write for descriptive book.

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## Club Cocktails

### A Bottled Delight

The difference between CLUB COCKTAILS and the guess-work kind, is just the difference between a real drink and an imitation. Get CLUB COCKTAILS from your dealer.

Martini (gin base)  
Manhattan (whiskey base) are always popular.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.

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London



## Being Photographed

NO one ever admits that he goes to be photographed of his own volition. He pleads the urgency of friends and relatives. But behind this screen hides vanity, perhaps; or the desire to see himself as others see him. He wishes to get out of the island of self and have an exterior glimpse at his personality. In the uncertainty of life some record should be left for posterity, even if the man portrayed be as commonplace as was the gentleman in the portrait of whom Dr. Holmes sang:

"That fissure in thy face  
By something like a chin,  
May be a very useful place  
To shove the victuals in."

So our good man brushes his hair with unusual care, gives an extra twirl to his mustache and sallies forth to the "studio." A friend, who meets him on the way, knows that something is doing, that he is at one of the crises of life, perhaps about to put his fortune to the touch with some fair one; but no, there is a look of grave determination in his face—the dentist sits waiting for the gloomy visitor—the dentist, with whirring buzz machine and fearfully made steel probes—the dentist with suave smile and soft talk of club Saturday nights, just as the steel point is on the nerve and the patient, gagged with rubber, is choking in his own juices.

At the street door leading to the photographer's studio are cases presenting the specimens of the skill of the sun-aided artist. A United States

Senator smiles so blandly that at first sight it seems that it is a permanent benevolence emanating from within, but on a closer inspection the smile comes off like a mask, and beneath it you see the determination, the vigor, which made him a leader of men; a plump clergyman, oozing self-satisfaction, sits in his surplice on a sofa; a great opera singer looks out at a world separated from her by the eternal glare of footlights; a country belle simpers over a bouquet and a group of football players stand about the oval pigskin which they have won in the game of the year.

The sun limns quickly and the camera is said to be ever truthful, but as the man to be photographed looks at these portraits, he sees that, while each represents a distinct personality, all are as it were in a trance; from the Knight of Pythias, in his plumed chapeau, to the little girl with her doll. Something has obsessed them.

What is it?

In a few minutes the sitter is shown into a dressing-room, where he arranges his hair with the celluloid brush (there is a comb for the younger man), he dusts his coat, re-ties his necktie, takes a parting glance at the expressive countenance which the sun is so soon to write on a sensitized film and then walks into the studio where a bland artist invites him to take a chair—and such a chair! It seems to be designed after the naturalist's restoration of an extinct animal, hideous as to head, knobs and claws.

Seated in a chair like this a man feels at once the spell of the studio. The camera, always mysterious, points at him. He knows that it is

## Liqueur Pères Chartreux

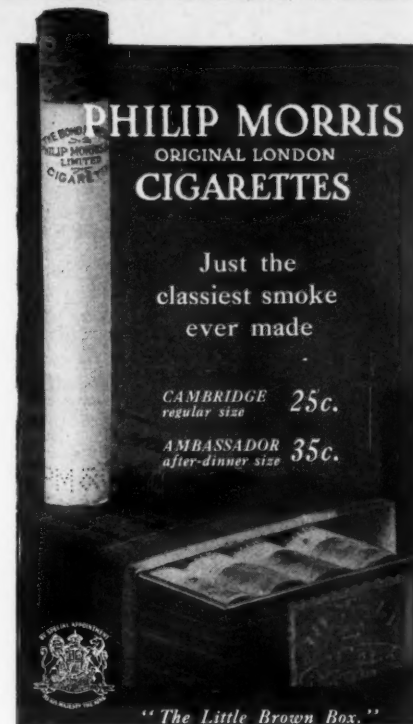
GREEN  
AND  
YELLOW

GREEN  
AND  
YELLOW



The original and genuine Chartreuse has always been and still is made by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux), who, since their expulsion from France, have been located at Tarragona, Spain; and, although the old labels and insignia originated by the Monks have been adjudged by the Federal Courts of this country to be still the exclusive property of the Monks, their world renowned product is nowadays known as "Liqueur Pères Chartreux."

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## PHILIP MORRIS ORIGINAL LONDON CIGARETTES

Just the  
classiest smoke  
ever made

CAMBRIDGE 25c.  
regular size

AMBASSADOR 35c.  
after-dinner size

"The Little Brown Box."

still inoperative, and yet he fears to stir while in its range.

All the customary creases are drawn out of his clothes by the photographer. A firm iron support is placed behind his head; his very fingers are arranged, in unnatural relations, one with the other; he is told to sit back deeper in the chair, to turn his head to the right, and to direct his eyes to the left upon the photograph of a plain young woman set up at a long range, to open his eyes so as to soften his expression, to pull in his chin; but he is allowed, as a single boon, to wink his eyes slowly, as he does in life.

Then comes the click of the shutter, the suspense of ten seconds. Then a re-posing, a shifting of muslin screens, the trial of another stage chair, and this time of a carved table, made only for photographers, and the life of the Rev. Cyrus Wyman, missionary, is put into the sitter's hand and he is taken at his studies.

The trance is complete; the sitter is not himself again for full half an hour after breathing the outer air, and when the proofs come to him his vanity is dead forever; he feels that he is not only ill-favored, but an irretrievable chump. He longs to be a millionaire, that he might have Sargent pull out his favorite sin and personify it, rather than send to posterity such a counterfeit presentment of an obsessed "chump"! Then some day a fearless amateur will take a snapshot of him with a kodak, as he walks across the lawn, and lo, there he is, natural and himself again. Photographers should travel, as the early ones did, like tin peddlers in a wagon, and take their subjects unawares; or, at least, they might abandon weird furniture and headrests and take a man seated in a chair of the period, with the wrinkles in his clothes and his eye unfixed upon a distant object.

### All That Saved Them

KIND LADY: So you are a sailor?

THE HOB: Yes, ma'am. Las' winter me an' ten udder fellers wuz shipwrecked on a barren island, an' all our grub lost.

KIND LADY: And how long did you remain there?

THE HOB: T'ree mont's, lady.

KIND LADY: But how did you manage to keep alive if all your provisions were lost?

THE HOB: De ship turned turtle, ma'am, an' we lived on turtle soup. See?—*The Wasp*.



YOUR own individual rug, different from all other rugs, and in a high class wool fabric adapted to your own decorations. If the rugs in stock colors do not suit your requirements we will make one that will, either plain, self-tone or contrast. All sizes up to twelve feet wide, any length. Seamless, wool welt, reversible, heavy and durable. Sold by best shops or write for color line and price list to ARNOLD, CONSTABLE & CO., NEW YORK.

THREAD & THRUM WORKSHOP, AUBURN, N. Y.



## Rhymed Book Reviews

### "The Inner Shrine"

(Anonymous.—Harper & Bros.)

Diane, though rather prone to flirt,  
Was still so pure that none could doubt her,  
Until a Marquis whom she'd hurt  
Invented naughty tales about her.

Her husband through his own thick head  
Discharged a bullet in a duel;  
Diane was forced to earn her bread  
In Gotham, which was very cruel.

She met a Banker six feet high  
Who smiled upon her very sweetly.  
Alas! the Marquis' ready lie  
Upset the marriage quite completely.

At length the Marquis felt Remorse,  
Revealed the truth, confessed the slander.  
The Banker wed Diane, of course;  
The Marquis died of too much candor.

The style is good, the plot is lame,  
The moral standard's rather shady;  
The author does not sign his name,—  
Which proves that she's a perfect lady.

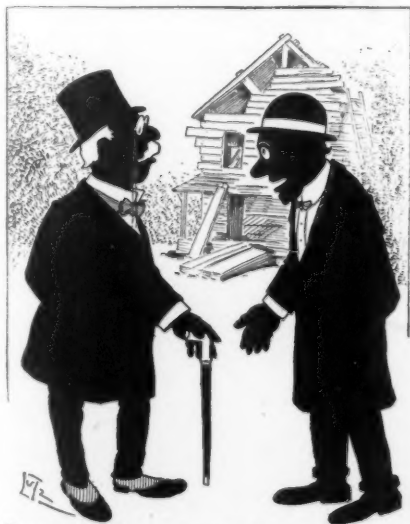
Arthur Guiterman.

### No, Thank You!

What is a liberal education? 'Would you know one if you saw it? What would you do with it if you had it around? Would you treat it kindly, give it three square meals a day and board and lodging, and feel that it was worth while to entertain it permanently?

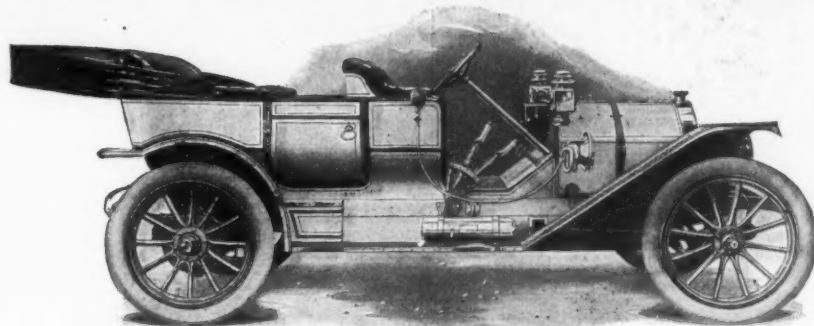
We are not so sure about a liberal education as we were. As time goes on we confess to a suspicion of its motives. We have an idea that a liberal education might be underhanded in its methods. While outwardly smiling and pleasant, we have an uneasy feeling that if it once got settled we might have a hard time to get rid of it.

Now would this be altogether desirable? No matter how alluring a liberal education may be, no matter how profitable and seemingly interesting, can any one say that he would



"CARPENTERS ON A STRIKE?"

"THEY INSIST ON HAVING THEIR NAILS MANICURED."



## A Remarkable Car for \$2,000

FOR the first time the automobile market offers you a car of *established reputation* at a price so near the price of cheap, untried cars, that you cannot afford to "economize"—you cannot afford to buy a car you will want to trade off in another year for a more satisfactory car.

Real economy—and perfect automobile satisfaction, for either the man who has never had a car or the man who has had many—is found in this big 1910 sensation—the new Haynes Model 19 for \$2,000. No other automobile with reputation and character approaching this new Haynes Model has ever been sold at under \$3,000.

It is the first time the manufacturer of an *acknowledged standard* automobile has ever offered the public a thoroughly high-class car at *anywhere near* the price asked for cars that are more or less of an experiment and that are *made to sell in big quantities*.

This new Haynes is for the man who is through experimenting (or who wants to avoid it) and who is ready to pay a moderate price for a car of *proven* quality.

It is built for the hundreds of conservative, long-headed buyers who want a car that they

know will give perfect satisfaction—that will be an economical car to run—a simple car to handle—a car built to stand up under the usage that breaks down the *cheap* car—and a car that can be used with *pride* in the company of the *highest priced* automobiles.

# HAYNES

Whether you buy this car or not, you owe to yourself to *investigate* it.

A Haynes at \$2,000

is certainly too good a proposition to ignore if you are on the market for *any kind* of a car.

Mail coupon below and we will send booklet giving full details of this superb car, and will advise you where you can secure a demonstration.

Haynes Automobile Co.,  
118 Main St., Kokomo, Ind.

Please forward literature concerning your Model 19 and advise where I can have a demonstration should I desire it.

Name.....

Address.....

Haynes Automobile Company  
118 Main Street Kokomo, Ind.

care to have it hanging around permanently? The best of companions are tiresome under some circumstances, no matter how much they know. You learn their little mean ways. You reach the limits of their understanding. You know all their jokes. Now, if this is true of people, why isn't it true of a liberal education? We believe that if it was settled upon us permanently there would come a time when we should want to throw it out of the window, or kick it downstairs.

In the first place, there is a certain amount of superiority about a liberal education. It has no particular prejudices. We have never known anyone without prejudices to be permanently interesting. Then again it is too impersonal. It is so broad-minded as to be above all gossip, everything that is petty. And as for ourselves, give us a sprinkling of petty things. We like gossip ourselves and a certain comfortable amount of ignorance and misinformation. We like friendly doings with all sorts of unimportant things, and a reckless waste of time.

We have thought this thing all over, as much as we can with our limited means, and we are not going to give up five feet to President Eliot's books. We are going to use this space to store crabapple jelly in.

# ABBOTT'S BITTERS

Makes the best cocktail. Aids digestion. A pleasing aromatic for all wine, spirit and soda beverages. A delightful tonic and invigorator. At wine merchants' and druggists'. Important to see that it is Abbott's.

**MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER**

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Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after Shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). Sample Free.

GERHARD MENNEN COMPANY, Newark, N.J.

### The Rivals

An airship soared in the upper sky,  
An eagle watched it with careful eye.  
"A wonderful bird," he cried, "we'll see  
If it is going to fight like me."

A dove sat watching it skim the blue,  
As over the farms and homes it flew.  
"A beautiful bird," she cried, "'twill be  
If it is a symbol of peace like me."

An owl perceived it at fall of night,  
As over the trees it took its flight,  
"Quite scientific," he cried, "we'll try  
If it is as wise a bird as I."

A hen looked up with a jealous glance  
To see it rise in the clear expanse.  
"Although it can fly," she said, "I beg  
To state the critter can't lay an egg."  
—*Washington Post*.



### THE LATEST ISSUE

IT CAN BE EXCHANGED FOR A PERFECTLY GOOD BILL  
**A Lifetime's Chance**

HOSTESS (who has told her schoolboy visitors to help themselves to strawberries): Well, have you found some nice ones?

LIONEL: Oh, yes, thanks very much—and I'm afraid we've taken rather a lot; but then, as I said to Herbert, it's the chance of a lifetime.—*Punch*.

**The Best Bitter Liqueur**

**Underberg**

The World's Best Bitters

Nothing so surely pleases the epicure, nor so quickly recuperates the invalid.

Sold Everywhere.

**LUTTIES BROTHERS**  
U. S. Agents. New York.

### Domestic Economy

Mollie, the Irish domestic in the service of a Wilmington household, was one afternoon doing certain odd bits of work about the place when her mistress found occasion to rebuke her for one piece of carelessness.

"You haven't wound the clock, Mollie," said she. "I watched you closely, and you gave it only a wind or two. Why didn't you complete the job?"

"Sure, mum, ye haven't forgot that I'm leavin' tomorrer, have ye?" asked Mollie. "I ain't goin' to be doin' anny of the new gyurl's work!"  
—*Harper's Weekly*.

**RAD-BRIDGE**

Registered at Pat. Office LONDON, WASHINGTON, OTTAWA

**THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT**

**36**

Then up spake the Duke of Connaught,  
"As arbiter I'm seldom caught.  
My business is facts,  
I buy 'RAD-BRIDGE' pads,  
There's nothing I buy so well bought."

### In a Hammock

Two in hammock  
Tried to kiss,  
Quickly landed  
[just like this!]

—*Lippincott's*.

## Do You Ever Go Home?

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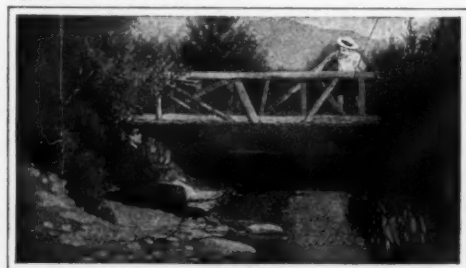
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OTHER TIMES OTHER MANNERS  
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WORKING TO BEAT HELL  
Photogravure, 16 x 13½ in. 50 cents.

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for 25 Cents



LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 17 West 31st Street, NEW YORK



YOU KNOW THAT clothes make the man, and lack of them the chorus girl.

You have no idea how much fun you can get out of clothes.

In this number there will be all kinds of clothes.

Fat women and thin women, long and short, rich and poor, stylish and dowdy, all with clothes on. For, when you come to think of it, it takes all kinds of clothes to make a world.

The schedule of numbers to come is about as follows:

(We may change it of course. We never hesitate to withdraw a number temporarily if we think the delay is going to make it any better; or to add a new one if the inspiration seizes us.)



P. S.

Not long ago we received a letter from a small library in New England, saying that they had made a rule not to allow Life in the reading room. The boys laughed so loud over it that they disturbed the others.

No self-respecting library, of course, can permit a thing like that. It's unseemly. This library was undoubtedly right. We congratulate it on its perspicacity—we don't know what that word means, but it sounds as if it was the thing that an orderly library ought to own under similar circumstances. Be perspicuous and you will always be solemn.

## PRETTY SOON

You must look for the sign of

## The Girl with the Blue Hat

This is a creation of Henry Hutt's, and will mark the advent of

## Life's Glad Rag Number

Sept. 9th, is the date scheduled for this number.

That means two days earlier on the newsstands.

AUGUST 19 — (Cover by Phillips.) A Regular Summer Number.

AUGUST 26 — (Cover by Crosby.) Another Regular.

SEPTEMBER 2 — (Cover by Robinson.) Fall Sporting Number.



(We want to say a word here about Mr. Robinson's cover for this number. It represents a rabbit—and such a rabbit you never saw.)

SEPTEMBER 9 — (Cover by Hutt.) Glad Rag Number. (Mentioned on this page.)

SEPTEMBER 16 — (Cover by Flagg.) Etiquette Number.

SEPTEMBER 23 — (Cover by Phillips.) A Regular Number.

SEPTEMBER 30 — (Cover by Hiller.) Hudson Number.

(Commemorative of Henry Hudson and his indiscretion in locating New York.)

Then following these are: The Chorus Girl, Courtship, Great White Way, and Midnight Numbers. A quartette of contemporaneous conviviality—rich, rare and racy. These numbers in reality pave the way to the Improper Number, which is coming later. We thought it best not to spring that Improper Number just now. Our readers must first be educated up to it.



